

Missionary Intelligence.

From the Colonial Church Chronicle, for Aug. 1854.

From a Sermon preached at the Consecration of St. John's Church, Eton, June 12, 1854. By the Right Rev. the Bishop of New Zealand.

"Who would ever doubt the omnipresence of God, if he had seen what I have seen,—a true Bethesda on an heathen island? On one side of the harbour in the island of Tanna, I met with one of your countrymen, who had been left alone on the island, and there had been seized with a fever, which brought him to the verge of the grave. In the wildest stage of his delirium, when his teeth were fast set, his native nurses forced open his mouth, and poured nourishment down his throat: and he recovered, to tell me, as he did with deep feeling, how the barbarous people had showed him no little kindness. On the same island, at a second visit, I found a poor cripple of our own race, left by his shipmates, by the side of a hot spring, to try the benefit of the waters; lying there in his little hut, among people of a strange language, supplied by them with food, and assisted daily to his bath; and at the foot of his bed a little boy sitting, a native of an adjacent island, reputed the most savage in the whole Pacific, watching every movement of the sick man, shifting his pillow, and washing and binding up his wounds; and at last, when the sick man was removed to the nearest colony, crying to be allowed to go with him to the hospital.

That dear child,* in whom the spirit of Divine love was manifested, even in heathenism, having been instructed and baptized by us, died in my arms on his voyage to his own island, and was committed to the deep, in the sure and certain hope that he will rise again, to be the first-fruits of Erromango unto Christ. Who then can doubt the truth of St. Paul's words, that 'God has made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell upon the face of the whole earth?'

Others have gone forth in the like manner to the utmost parts of the earth, the first explorers of the Australian wilderness, to study the manners and the language of the wandering tribes, who alone, of all the nations of the earth, have as yet shown no aptitude for improvement. When they have lain down at night in the howling wilderness, with dark eyes peering at them from behind the trees, and distant yells breaking the silence of the night; what do they tell us were their thoughts during those nights of sleepless anxiety, but that God was present in their wilderness, and that they might cast all their care upon Him? And when, after escaping from the danger of the enemy, they came to countries destitute both of food and water, when first their horses dropped down and died of thirst, and then some loved companion, in utter prostration of mind and body, lingered behind and was seen no more, what was the evening comfort of the traveller, but to take out his Bible, and in it to commune with the ever-present God, who is, was, and ever will be with His Church in the wilderness?

Happier than this is the lot of the quiet Colonist who migrates to such a colony as New Zealand, the offspring of a religious system, the child of Missionary zeal. The first object that meets his eye, as he nears the port, is the tower of the Church. His first act may be to offer up his thanksgiving to the God who has been ever with him, to guide him over the waters. At a place of all others the most distant from his mother country, the Church of the same ever-present God opens her doors to receive him. All other things are changed. Summer is changed into winter, and winter into summer; day into night, and night into day, there is not a tree or plant the same. But the prayers of his holy mother the Church remain unaltered; the same words of Holy Scripture are read; he is invited to partake of the same blessed Sacrament of the Body and Blood of Christ. The same God is there, even in the utmost parts of the earth, and the true worshipper may there worship Him in spirit and in truth.

From the town he passes into the country, and there every morning and evening the sound of the village bell invites him to attend the daily prayers of the native congregation. Sometimes he will hear the hymn of some party of travellers, gathered under the shade of a spreading tree, or by the side of a running stream. In one place the chapel is a simple building of reeds, but still the best house in the village. In another, it is the edifice worthy of a civilized people, erected entirely at their own cost, and decked with all the re-

sources of the native architecture. To worship God in spirit and in truth is felt to be the first and highest duty: the next is to give to God the honour that is due to him, and to make even the goodly workmanship of their chapels an evidence of their love."

DIOCESE OF NEWCASTLE.

THE public is kept so little informed of the Church work that is doing in this Diocese, that our readers will be glad of the following sketch from the Occasional Paper of St. Augustine's, by the Rev. A. Wayn, an Alumnus of the College, who thus writes of Bishop Tyrrel:—

"My love and respect for him increase each day.—The palace is a very nice, but not a very grand, residence, which, with about 200 acres of land surrounding it the Bishop purchased from Mr. Close, the gentleman, who, at his own expense, built the church at Morpeth. The church is only a short distance from the palace, and has the parsonage on the one side and the school on the other. In course of time the Bishop hopes to have a college between the palace and the church.—His Lordship's style of living is particularly simple.—at half-past seven in the morning, prayers; in a few minutes afterwards, breakfast; dinner at one o'clock, and tea at about half-past six. The fare is something like what we had at St. Augustine's: the meals are very soon over, and then, without any pause, to work. Indeed, he works so hard that the question is sometimes asked, 'Does the Bishop ever sleep?' He preached twice last Sunday, and certainly I never heard more effective sermons, his manner is exceedingly winning, his voice melodious, and his sermons extempore without the slightest hesitation. Indeed, it is absolutely necessary to acquire the habit of speaking extempore here, for often a clergyman will have to ride some distance into the bush to read prayers to some five or six, with whom it would seem out of place to produce a written sermon. Last Sunday I went to church to St. James's here in the morning, came home and dined, and then rode off with Mr. Bloomfield, the Rector, who had to celebrate divine service ten good miles distant in the bush; I read the Lessons; there was a baptism after the service, and we had only just time to ride quickly home, swallow a hasty tea, and then to the evening service at Morpeth."

And again:—

"This Diocese is more than four times as large as Great Britain and Ireland, and as there are only about thirty clergymen, it may be easily imagined that each district is of amazing extent. I have not been as yet regularly licensed to any district, but on Sunday last I began my work in a new district which has just been formed between West Maitland and Singleton. The Bishop met me in the morning at Black Creek; he had ridden from Morpeth, a distance of nineteen miles, and I from Singleton, fifteen miles. I read the Morning Service, and his Lordship preached. We then went to another township, Lochinvar, where we had afternoon service. After this service I returned, while his Lordship actually endeavoured to get back to Morpeth for evening service. What would some of the good people in England think of such a day, a ride of forty miles, three full services, and in the height of an Australian summer? This, however, is comparatively not a large district; in those up the country, which are more thinly populated, the clergymen ride from station to station, holding a service at each, and returning home after an absence of one, two, or even five or six months, as the case may be. May we not expect some more men from St. Augustine's? Let them not be discouraged by the prospect of such hard work,—this is what we ought to expect; and in this we shall find our truest comfort. The gold diggings make every thing very dear indeed, so that the clergymen are really the poorest. It is almost impossible to get servants; an English emigrant will unblushingly ask you £40 a year, and will do very little for it. Many people employ Chinese, a large number of whom have been imported, but they run away, and often give a great deal of trouble. I have not as yet begun the duties of householding, still living with Mr. Blackwood; but here we have our own woman servant, who has been ill for months, and upon whom, therefore, we have to attend; we have also a little boy about as high as the table, and who is beginning to know which is the right and which is the left hand. Surely this state of things cannot last; I groom my horse entirely; and I met a Clergyman a few days ago, who had told me that he himself had put the shoes on the horse. The country is looking very well indeed, the harvest is good, and is being gathered in as fast as the people can do it, considering the want of hands. I have been very fortunate, and have not yet experienced one hot

wind. I find it very difficult to believe that this is Christmas; the cloudless sky and burning sun seem flatly to contradict such a notion. We are revelling in delicious fruits; the apricots are just out, figs in full perfection, peaches and grapes just coming in."

Selections.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE EARLY LIFE OF OUR BELOVED SOVEREIGN.

EDUCATION OF THE PRINCESS VICTORIA.

During the spring of the year 1830, her Royal Highness the Princess Victoria in reading English history with her governess, the Baroness Lehzen, in the presence of the Duchess of Kent, met with some point connected with the line of succession to the crown. The Princess had recourse to her genealogical table, the constant companion of her historical studies, and after considering it attentively for some time inquired of her governess, "In the event of the death of the King, my uncle, who would be presumptive successor to the throne?"

The Baroness parried the question by the reply "The Duke of Clarence will succeed on the death of the present King."

"Yes," said the princess, "that I know; but who will succeed him?"

The governess who saw the bearing of the inquiry hesitated for a moment and then answered, "Princess you have several uncles."

Her Royal Highness now became agitated; the colour rose rapidly to her cheek, and she observed with much seriousness, "True, I have; but I perceive here," pointing to her table, "that my papa was next in age to my uncle Clarence; and it does appear to me, from what I have just been reading, that when he and the present King are both dead I shall become Queen of England."

The Baroness silently looked towards the mother of the Princess, who, after a short pause, replied to the following effect:

"We are continually looking forward, my beloved child, in the hope that your dear aunt, the Duchess of Clarence, may give birth to living children. Should it please God, however, that this be not the case, and that you are spared to the period, very distant I trust, which terminates the valuable lives of our revered Sovereign and the Duke of Clarence, you will, indeed, by the established laws of our country, become their undoubted successor. Should this event, at present too remote and uncertain to engage our attention further than to stimulate our endeavors so to form your mind as to render you not unworthy of so high a destiny—should this event indeed occur, may you prove a blessing to your country, and an ornament to the throne you are called to fill."

CONDUCT OF EXALTATION.

At five o'clock in the morning of the 20th of June 1837, the Archbishop of Canterbury having attended the death-bed of the departed monarch, arrived at Kensington Palace to announce to his youthful successor, the melancholy intelligence of the Royal demise. His Grace was immediately admitted to an interview with the Queen and the Duchess of Kent, which lasted a considerable time, and was in the highest degree affecting. When the mournful event was communicated to Her Majesty by the Archbishop of Canterbury, with the announcement of her own accession to Royal dignity, she was overpowered for a few moments by the intensity of her feelings; but her first impulse, when she regained her composure, was worthy of a Christian Sovereign who had been taught to remember her Creator in the days of her youth, as the source from whence all power and greatness emanated. She entreated the Archbishop to unite with her in prayer to the Throne of Grace, that she might be strengthened from above, and rendered meet for the high duties that had devolved upon her.

After the departure of the Archbishop the first act of the new Sovereign was to write an affectionate letter to her widowed aunt; and forgetting in the sympathizing emotions of her warm heart, her newly-acquired dignity, she directed it to "Her Majesty the Queen."

On placing her letter in the hands of one of her household officers, it was respectfully represented to Her Majesty, that the Queen of yesterday was the Dowager of to-day, and that it would be more accordant with etiquette were the letter so addressed.

For one moment Her Majesty considered of the proffered advice; but the next, the native delicacy of her mind predominated.

"I will not," said she, with a mild firmness of the brightest promise, "be the first to announce the change; I wish you to transmit it as it is."

* His name was Umoa,—simpler, less nobly born, and not so highly educated, as George Siapo, of Newgone, but well worthy to be led to the blessings of Christianity, and with the full hope of a blessed Resurrection.